Vol. IV. Numb. 39.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Another High-Church *Libel*, viz. The Hiſtory of Faction, *&c.* conſider'd, *with Remarks thereon; and a Detection of more* High-Church *Forgeries.*

From Saturday Auguſt the 11th, to Wednesday Auguſt the 15th, 1705.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, will you proceed any further in the Conſideration of the *High-Church Memorial*? You do abundance of Service in Detecting the Forgeries of the *High-Church Party*, and in opening the Eyes of the common People to behold their Malicious Intentions againſt the Peace of the Realm.

Obſ. I don't ſay that I will give you no more Reflections on the *High-Church* Libel. But at preſent I'll turn my Pen to the Conſideration of another Libel, to ſhow that *High-Church*, ever ſince Her Majeſties happy Acceſſion to the Throne, have been contriving *Lies*, *Forgeries* and *Falſhoods* to blacken a Party, that by *Principle* and *Inclination* are the Queens beſt Friends, and the worſt Enemies to the Pretended Prince at St. *Germains*.

This Libel bears the Title of *The Hiſtory of Faction*, alias *Hypocracy*, alias *Moderation*, *from its firſt Riſe to its preſent Tolleration in theſe Kingdoms, wherein its Original and Increaſe are ſet forth; its ſeveral Contrivances to ſubvert the* Church *and* State *apparently detected; and the Steps it has made towards getting into the Supream Power, from the Reformation to the Riſing of the laſt Parliament, are Conſider'd.*

Here's a fine Character given in the Title of *Moderation*, which is ſo much commended by the Apoſtles and the Saints of all Ages; no wonder then, ſince we find the *Imps* in the *Porch*, it the *Devil* be in the *Houſe*. I have had this Libel by me about three Months and have taken no Notice of it, hoping it would have been anſwered after a more Effectual manner; but ſince it does miſchief in the dark, like the *Peſtilence*, that walketh by Night, I think it my Duty Voluntarily to give a Counter-Poiſon, that my Countrymen may not be Ruin'd and Miſled by *Enormous Lies* and *Forgeries*, that fly more abundantly from the *High-Church* Mint, than Poiſons of Old did from *Pandora*'s Box.

I'll abate the Author about three or four Hundred *Lies* and *Forgeries* by over-looking one half at leaſt of his Book, which I am rather inclin'd to do, becauſe my Deſign being for the Publick Service, it is better accompliſh'd by conſidering the *Forgeries* he would impoſe upon my Countrymen of things pretended to be done ſince the Commencement of this Reign.

He tells you what a Glorious Miniſtry was at firſt ſettled, and which ſome Body endeavour'd to undermine. But 'tis not my Buſineſs to conſider the Miniſtries, the *Steddineſs of Sir* Edward Seymour's *Temper*, nor the *Indefatigable and Watchful* Earl *of* Nottingham, Page 91. 92. but to conſider what abominable *Forgeries* he has Publiſh'd againſt the *Adverſe Party*, as he calls them, Page 89. who *kept a Pack of deep Mouth'd Hawkers to run down the Church with*, Page 94.

By theſe he ſays it was agreed that a Weekly Paper ſhould be written, Stil'd *the* Obſervator, *but whom to pitch upon for the Author remain'd undecided for a conſiderable while. The Laureat Squire* Tate, *was too Timerous, Baſhful and Slow, to make any Hand of it; and Mr.* Row *had ſo exhauſted his Spirits in writing* Tamerlane *for 'em, nothing could be expected from him more than once a Twelvemonth. Mr.* Congreve *was reſerv'd to make a Paſtoral Elegy upon the Party in Caſe their Project ſhould Dye, and* Paſtora *was to be the Name of the Deceaſed. Mr.* Dennis's *Lungs had been defective ever ſince his Tremendous Poem upon the taking of* Namure, *and 'twas impoſſible Mr.* D'Urfey *could get out Scandal enough to ſuffice 'em twice a Week, by Reaſon of his Stuttering.*

Well, and how then? Why at laſt they pitch'd upon a Fellow at a place he never frequented, Namely *John Tutchin*, my own dear ſelf, *Who*, as he ſays, *had Impudence enough to carry on the Undertaking, and Ignorance enough to be led by the Noſe by them.*

I leave Mr. *Tate*, Mr. *Row*, Mr. *Congreve* and Mr. *Dennis* to clear themſelves from this Aſperſion; I am acquainted with but one of theſe Gentlemen, but I know 'em all to be Gentlemen of ſuch Characters and Reputations in the World, as to be above being Brib'd to the Service of their Country, and what follows proves it a *Forgery* upon 'em; for can any one imagine that the *Adverſe Party*, as he calls 'em, ſhould ever apply themſelves to *Tom D'Urfey* to write for 'em, who they know is of the contrary Party, and whoſe Capacity never yet reach'd above a *Bawdy Ballad*, but how his Stuttering ſhould Incapacitate him from Conception and Writing, is left to the Determination of the *High-Church* Oracle.

Now, Honeſt *Country-man*, from this Book I'll entertain thee with the prettieſt Plot betwixt my ſelf and I don't know who, that ever thou heard'ſt of in all thy Life.

Page 96. *Here was a Man*, ſays the *High-Church* Libeller, *to their Turn upon all occaſions, and he was entered into Pay accordingly, with this Promiſe, that if he ſhould ſtand in need of Supplies, or Auxiliary Sentences, they ſhould be convey'd to him, for the Party were neither in want of Civil or Common Lawyers, Divines and Caſuits to carry on their Factious Undertakings.*

Country-m. In good truth, Maſter, either you are a Knave, or the *High-Church* Folk are Knaves.

Obſ. That's for certain, *Roger*, but which doſt think of the two?

Country-m. If theſe great People, the *Whig Potentates* did ſend you a *Obſervatoring*, and enter you into Pay, as Mr. *Steepleman*, this Author, ſays, why then you are a Knave in not Paying your Debts, and eſpecially Truſty *Roger*, your *Country-man*, who is run three Quarters behind hand in Rent to his Landlord by Reaſon of the Money he

he lent you; If you never did receive any Money of the *Whig Party* for writing the *Observator*, then the *Steepleman* is a *Liar*, a *Forger*, a——, but I must not be Unmannerly.

Obs. But what dost think on't?

Country m. In good Truth, Master, I think you have serv'd a Party that let Mr. *De Laun*, the best Champion ever they had, Dye with his Wife and Family in *Newgate*, for a Fine of 70 *l.* and I have watch'd as narrowly as can be, and I cannot find that ever you had any Money brought you, nay, I am sure you are run in Debt to other People as well as my self upon that Account.

Obs. Honest *Country-man*, I am ready to make my Solemn Affidavit that no *Peer* or *Commoner* of this Kingdom did ever enter me into Pay as set forth in this Libel, that no one did ever supply me with *Sentences* or *Hints*, that I never received one Penny for writing the *Observator*, but from the Profits of the Paper, and that since the beginning of my Troubles on that Score, I have spent much more Money, in my Just Defence, than ever before that time I received from the Profits of the Paper.

But this you say is being an Evidence for a Mans self, yet I hope the *Modest Unbiass'd* sort of Mankind will believe a Person in his own Vindication, that never yet delivered his Evidence upon Oath against any Person, or in any Cause whatsoever, and therefore not to be mistrusted of Breach of Troth.

But if this won't do; I can Appeal to Mr. *How*, the Printer of my Paper, who was Evidence against me at my Trial, and I am sure he can, with a safe Conscience, make Oath that none of the *Noble Peers* here aim'd at, did ever hire me to write a Weekly Paper call'd an *Observator*, or any other Persons of what Quality or Degree soever.

Besides, can it be imagin'd that Persons of so much *Honour* and *Integrity*, having drawn me into a Snare, would have left me to stand by my self, and work thro' my Troubles at my own Expence; I Appeal to the *Attorney General*, whether ever any *Peer* or any Person whatsoever has engag'd him in my Favour, either for obtaining a *Cesset Processus*, or *Noli Prosequi*, or that I ever desir'd any Favour of him farther than the Law did allow; no, I always depended on the support of my own *Innocency* and the *Justice of* my *Cause*; and tho' I have been Misrepresented to Her Majesty, time may come when my *Cause* may be set in a true Light to the Shame of my Adversaries.

This *Libeller* says it was a considerable time before the *Adverse Party*, that is the *Whigs*, could pitch upon an Author. To prove this a *Lye* and *Forgery* I must produce the first Volume of *Observators* in Evidence. King *William* of *Glorious* and *Immortal Memory* Died the Eighth of *March*, the first *Observator* was Published the First of *April* following, and certainly 22 Days is not such a considerable time considering how many Persons they had tamper'd with before they came to me.

Country-m. Out of his own Mouth he is judg'd for a *Liar*. These *High-Church* Boys want a little Whipping, they are Confoundedly given to *Leasing making*, 'twas not a considerable time before you and I came acquainted, and you had written several Papers *before* ever I saw your Face. But, Master, a little more *of* your *Plot*, I protest I never thought you would be a *Plotter*, I have often heard you declare against *Plotting*, and say that you would Write or Fight in *Defence of* the Queen and Realm, but that you would be Hang'd for no *Party*; but what was your part in this *Plot?* How does *Mr. Steepleman* make it out?

Obs. Han't I told thee. Does he not say that I was hir'd by the *Party* to write an *Observator*.

Country-m. Aye, aye, but that is a Whopper as big as *Lesley's* Breeches. What more *Lies* are bound up in that Calves-Skin on the Table?

Obs. He tells you, Page 97. *The Deceas'd Kings Encomium was what he (meaning my self) was enjoyn'd to dwell upon, at first, in order to raise Discontents among the People, and bring them to Despair of Success under their New Governours.*

This was the Burden of his Song; which having no Impression, or very little upon the People, he was forc'd to have Recourse to his Country-man, Roger, to bring his Oaken Towel to his Assistance, they talk'd Notable things together for some time, till the Clown had benefited so much by his Masters Conversation over his October, *that he grew a perfect Statesman, and could talk Latin to a mighty Degree.*

Country-m. Hold, Master, I can forbear no longer. A Dog in a Doublet to bring me into a *Plot*! Does he talk of my *Oaken Towel*? No, no, my *Pitch-Fork*, my *Flayl* for such a *Lying*, I don't care a T--d what the Beau Writers say of me, I say a Rogue, that's plain *English*, and now 'tis out.

Master, do you know this Fellow? I'll go to *London* on purpose and bespeak *Jack Ketch* to use my *Ladder* when this *Libeller* goes a Nutting upon *Paul Lorrains* Tree.

Obs. I am told this Book is written by a certain *Quack Doctor*, that dives into *Lies* and *Forgeries* as a *Drake* does under Water, and always brings up some Scandal with him. Upon the Queens Accession to the Throne some good People endeavour'd to make him one of the Commissioners of the Sick and Wounded, but whether they durst not appear bare Fac'd in his Preferment, because 'twas he that Scandaliz'd King *William* in a certain *Libel*, as if that King had laid a Scheme to set aside the Succession of Her Majesty, which the *Lords* upon examining King *Williams* Papers published to the World to be an *Abominable Forgery*, or whether upon this that Office was held in trust for him, it matters not; but let the Case be how it will, I shall make bold to untravel his *Forgeries*, and the next time we meet I will enlarge on this Head.

Country-m. A *Quack Doctor*, Quotha, if I can come at'n I'll giv'n a Glister, the Pipe on't shall be as long as my Oaken Towel. I'll drive the *Fundament-Driver* to the—— bring Honest *Roger* into a *Plot*, a fine——.

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